

will bee, I shall haue so much experience for my paines ; And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, re-
turne againe to Venice.

Iago. How poore are they that haue not Patience? What wound did euer heale but by degrees? Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft And Wiedepends on dilatory time : Dos't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee, And thou by that small hurt hath casheer'd *Cassio*: Though other things grow faire against the Sun, Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe : Content thy selfe, a while. Introth 'tis Morning; Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short. Retire thee, go where thou art Billited : Away, I say, thou shalt know more heereafter : Nay get thee gone. *Exit Rodorigo.* Two things are to be done : My Wife must moue for *Cassio* to her Mistis : He set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him iunpe, when he may *Cassio* finde Soliciting his wife : I, that's the way : Dull not Deuice, by coldnesse, and delay. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clowne.

Cassio. Masters, play heere, I will content your paines, Something that's briefer: and bid, goodmorrow General.
Clo. Why Masters, haue your Instruments bin in Na-
ples, that they speake it h Nose thus?

Mus. How Sir? how?

Clo. Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?

Mus. I marry are they sir.

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, heere's money for you: and the General so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loues sake to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any Musicke that may not be heard, too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the General do's not greatly care.

Mus. We haue none such, sir.

Clo. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away. Go, vanish into ayre, away. *Exit Mus.*

Cassio. Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest Friend : I heare you.

Cassio. Prythee keepe vp thy Quilllets, ther's a poore peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentiewoman that attends the General be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entreats her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring sir: if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notific vnto her. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You haue not bin a-bed then?

Cassio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted.

I haue made bold (*Iago*) to send in to your wife:

My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*

Procure me some access.

Iago. Ile send her to you presently: And Ile deuise a meane to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse May be more free.

Cassio. I humbly thanke you for't: I neuer knew A Florentine more kinde, and honest. *Exit.*

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorrie For your displeasure: but all will sure be well. The General and his wife are talking of it, And he speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies, That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus, And great Affinitie: and that in wholesome Wisedome He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loues you And needs no other Suitor, but his likings To bring you in againe.

Cassio. Yet I beseech you, If you thinke fit, or that it may be done, Giue me aduantage of some breefe Discourse With *Desdemona* alone.

Emil. Pray you come in: I will bestow you where you shall haue time, To speake your bosome freely.

Cassio. I am much bound to you.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These Letters giue (*Iago*) to the Pylot, And by him do my duties to the Senate: That done, I will be walking on the Workes, Repaire there to mee.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see?

Gent. Well waite vpon your Lordship. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd (good *Cassio*) I will do All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Emil. Good Madam do:

I warrant it grieues my Husband,

As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt *Cassio* But I will haue my Lord, and you againe As friendly as you were.

Cassio. Bounteous Madam,

What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*,

He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.

Des. I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord:

You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd

He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off,

Then in a politique distance.

Cassio. I, but Lady,

That policie may either last so long,

Or feede vpon such nice and waterish diet,

Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances,

That I being absent, and my place supply'd,

My General will forget my Loue, and Seruice.

Des. Do not doubt that: before *Emilia* here,

I giue thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee, If I do vow a friendship, Ile performe it To the last Article. My Lord shall neuer rest, Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience: His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift, And Ile intermingle eury thing he do's With *Cassio*'s iuice: Therefore be merry, *Cassio*, blow I For thy Solicitor shall rather dye, Than giue thee cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Emil. Madam, heere comes my Lord.

Cassio. Madam, Ile take my leave.

Des. Why stay, and heare me speake?

Cassio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,

Vnto for mine owne purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. *Exit Cassio.*

Iago. Hah! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if—I know not what?

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iago. *Cassio* my Lord? No sure, I cannot thinke it.

That he would steale away so guilty-like,

Seeing your comming, vnto to not doo't.

Oth. I do beleue 'twas he.

Des. How now my Lord?

I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere;

A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you meane?

Des. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*: Good my Lord,

If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,

His present reconciliation take.

For if he be not one, that truly loues you,

That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,

I haue no iudgement in an honest face.

I prythee call him backe.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. I sooth; so humbled,

That he hath left part of his greefe with mee

To suffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.

Oth. Not now (sweet *Desdemona*) some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner (Sweet) for you.

Des. Shall't be to night, at Supper?

Oth. No, not to night.

Des. To morrow Dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:

I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.

Des. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,

On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wensday Morne.

I prythee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:

And yet his Treipasse, in our common reason

(Sae that they say the wares must make example)

Out of her best, is not almost a fault.

Tencurre a priuate checke. When shall he come?

Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule

What you would aske me, that I should deny.

Or stand so marning on? What? *Michael Cassio*,

That came a wooing with you? and so many a time

(When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly)

Hath tane your part, to haue so much to do,

To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.

Oth. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a Boone:

'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloues, Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme, Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profic To your owne person. Nay, when I haue a suite Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed, It shall be full of poize, and difficult weight, And fearefull to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leaue me but a little to my selfe.

Des. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.

Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, Ile come to thee straight.

Des. *Emilia* come; be as your Fancies teach you:

What ere you be, I am obedient. *Exit.*

Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule,

But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not, Chaos is come againe.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*

When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?

Oth. He did, from first to last:

Why dost thou aske?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my Thought,

No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir.

Oth. O yes, and went betweene v, very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? I, Honest.

Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What dost thou thinke?

Iago. Thinke, my Lord?

Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou eccho'st me;

As if there were some Monster in thy thought

Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say euen now, thou lik'st not that,

When *Cassio* left my wife. What did'st not like?

And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile,

Of my whole course of wooing; thou criest't, Indeede?

And did'st contract, and purle thy brow together,

As if thou then had'st shut vp in thy Braine

Some horrible Conceits. If thou do'st loue me,

Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I loue you.

Oth. I thinke thou do'st:

And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honestie,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giu'st them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:

For such things in a false disloyall Knaue

Are trickes of Customes: but in a man that's iust,

They're close dilations, working from the heart,

That Passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare be sworn, I thinke that he is honest.

Oth. I thinke so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seeme,

Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

Iago. Why then I thinke *Cassio*'s an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?

I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,

As thou dost ruminate, and giue thy worst of thoughts

The